

## THE WOMAN OF FASHION

## GOWNS FOR THE EASTER PROMENADE.

How Fair Women Will Bedeck Herself  
The Day be Bright—The Rever in All Its  
Waywardness

(Copyright for the Times, 1894.)

NEW YORK, March 10.—The Easter pageant this year will lack something of its old careless magnificence. If the sun shines, there will be light, brilliance, richness of color, as of old; but the close observer will easily discover signs of care, of discrimination, that the Easter costume rarely displays. We have truly taken no thought for the future in getting ready for that gayest promenade of all the year. Not one whit cared we whether our gown would be useful for future days and occasions. So long as Fifth Avenue opened her arms to us, and pronounced us fit to mingle with her Easter throng, we were satisfied. But, alas and alack! other considerations have weighed heavily upon us these early Spring days. We dare not turn our eyes utterly from that stern Dame Economy, who demands that extravagance be curtailed, and more sensible modes adopted.

So that the greatest charm of the American girl—her daring and richness in robing, will not impress us so vividly as of old. Think not, however, that because of this no interest will be awakened in the crowd that pours forth from fashionable churches at high noon of the Sabbath, March 25th. Our modes are altogether too taking for that, modifications and all. The Easter gown will show these main characteristics: Skirts, graceful, godeted, and, for the most part, plain. A little lace may be seen, caught up in cascades or a full satin fold, or three plain satin folds or bands. The bodices, those that are not tailor-made, will have full, gathered fronts. The fronts will be brightened by insertions of ribbon or lace set in; or there will be lace yokes, with full fronts beneath; or coat effects, with lovely lace effects between; or short figaro effects, with lace. There will be a rever somewhere, or a shoulder ruffle in godets, you may count upon that. There will be scarcely a costume that does not show one or more hip ruffles, small or large; and all of these combinations will be lightened, and gladdened, by the touch of each woman's individuality, and unexpected blendings and changings will transform the styles the fashion writer is weary of describing, and reveal to her possibilities that she and her dressmaker friend never dreamed of.

I have not been idle these Lenten days. Are you anxious to know what just a few of those dresses will be? A girl with the darkest hair and whitest skin in the world has just folded her gray Easter gown neatly away in a great box. When she took it out tenderly to show me, I saw that there was a tiny bit of an underskirt, in shining pale gray mohair, only three inches of which were visible under the skirt of fine gray serge that fell over. The skirts were both severely plain. The corsage was a short figaro, fitting closely in at the waist-line, and turning back in broad revers, that continued themselves into godets over the shoulders. A pretty chemisette was made of gathered white bengaline, and a graceful Robespierre bow was tied over. The revers were faced with white bengaline, and had a tiny edge of gold passementerie all around. The sleeves had moderately large puffs to the elbow, and gathered cuffs of bengaline. Two rows of large pearl buttons fastened the figaro together. It was a striking costume, and particularly simple.

Another brunette friend of mine had picked a lovely green from out of the shining Spring stuffs. She had caught the godets of the skirt up into a big bunch at the left hip, and held them there with a buckle. She had started a broad band of white moire at the bottom of her skirt, right in the center of the front, and drawn it, diagonally, around this self-same garment. She had set a graceful bow of white, in narrower ribbon, on the left shoulder, where it fell in long ends. Thence, across the front of the bodice, was a draping of the broader moire, caught up under the right arm; and a crushed white belt, in narrow folds, encircled the waist. White gloves will be worn with the costume.

But I saw another one; and immediately succumbed to its charms. The material was a delicate old blue, dashed with white silk, so that a silvery sheen was the result. The silver was further brought out by the skirt's trimming, which was, first, a tiny plait of blue silk, then rows of fine passementerie in mingled steel and jet. At the hips was a reproduction of the lower trimming. The corsage was peculiar and difficult to describe. A yoke was made of rows of the fine passementerie, and a slender, pointed effect was given to the short basque by a black moire band that started from one shoulder, was carried down to the waist, and then allowed to fall from the opposite hip, where it was gathered closely, in two spreading ends that fell quite to the bottom of the skirt. From the shoulder fell a cascade of the thin blue silk that edged the skirt. Rows of the passementerie laid over the short drooping sleeve puffs, broadened the shoulder effect wonderfully. The sleeve puffs were of the blue silk, lightly dotted with jets.

Black will not be eliminated from the Easter gown; indeed, a rich black here and there will make the throng seem all the gayer. One black costume, suitable for more than one occasion, shows a neat, heavy serge skirt, made of two equal length flounces, each edged with heavy pointed braid. A cape conceals the bodice, and falls in such full godets that an ample view of the scarlet lining is afforded. Between each godet, is a stripe

of heavy jet passementerie. A small shoulder cape is a reproduction of the larger cape, and around the neck is a ruffled collar. In front the cape stands open to admit of two long jet pangs, that fall far over the skirt.

Another black shows a satin skirt that is scanted than usual, and that does not show the customary flare at the foot. Twelve inches from the bottom is a crushed satin band, protruding every ten or twelve inches, in double headings. The cape which falls over is also of black satin, but turns back in revers that are faced with bright gold. A yoke of heavy cream guipure is inserted, from which falls fine, close silk fringe. The cape's edge is a plain velvet band, caught down with a silk braid.

It is the curve of the rever and the sweep of the jacket that make most of our novel effects. One pretty gown will show a waistcoat that it is cut sharply away at the waist-line, and re-appears over the side of the hip, inside the long coat. The coat points outward from the shoulder until it reaches the bust, then curves inward and away to fall over the hips, back of the waistcoat.

A novel overskirt effect is made by two sharp points that fall, in front, over the skirt; the skirt of the bodice, also, falls in two long points, elongating the effect in queer fashion.

The figaro effects are very striking on the spring coat. A beauty in black cloth has a figaro over of rich dark green cloth. The figaro turns back in large revers that taper in toward the waist, almost meeting, then fall off at the hips into a long point, that shows strikingly against the black skirt of the coat itself. Three rows of the narrowest jet trim the figaro, revers, points, et al. The coat is cut away in front, to admit of a graceful pink crepe fichu, edged with cream lace.

This fancy of elongating revers into skirts that consist of nothing but a point, promises to be carried out in many of the newest jackets. A little jacket, all in green cloth, has a double figaro effect, crossing surplice fashion, and then falling in these thin long points, below the waist-line. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

There are 22,505,651 pupils enrolled in the Sunday schools of the world.

Trinity Church, New York city, now has nine churches under its control.

In the year 1890 the Jews propose to hold an international Jewish gathering at Jerusalem.

Out of 50,000 Sioux, over 4,000 are now members of Episcopal, Presbyterian or Congregational churches.

Rider Haggard has taken to farming in the Waveney Valley, England, and he is said to be so scientific that his crops are worth about one-quarter of what they cost him.

It is reported that Mr. Moody's health is giving way under his continued evangelistic work, and that a heart trouble necessitates a suspension of his labors. His London engagements have been cancelled, and he is commanded by his physicians to seek a needed rest.

The Oxford University Press has produced a Bible printed from the type called brilliant, which is the smallest size used in English printing. It contains 1,216 pages, with maps, and measures 3.1-2 by 2.1-8 inches, and is 5-8 of an inch thick. Bound in limp morocco, it weighs not quite three ounces.

The news from Lenox, Mass., that "the little red house" in which Hawthorne wrote "The House of the Seven Gables" and "Tanglewood Tales" is to be restored. Before it was destroyed by fire (only the foundations now remain) it was open to the public, and was visited by a great many admirers of Hawthorne.

At a recent sale of Dicken's relics in London the despatch box which the novelist carried during his tour of the United States was disposed of for ten guineas (\$50). Three of his celebrated toddy ladies brought eighty-four guineas. The prices for other articles were extremely high, and this is taken to mean that there is no diminution in the novelist's popularity.

Matthew Arnold's earliest piece of verse, the prize poem entitled "Alaric at Rome," is about to be reprinted in a private edition limited to thirty copies. It was originally brought out at Rugby in 1840, and only four copies are known to exist. The poem has never been reprinted, either separately or with Arnold's works. The present edition will be a type fac-simile of the first.

Dr. Thomas W. Evans has given to American girl students in Paris a beautiful home there. It is located in the most desirable part of the city. Mrs. Walden Pell has liberally supplemented this generous gift with donations of money and with artistic furnishings. The home is non-sectarian and in no sense a charity. The students are charged from three to five francs a day.

The first number of a new venture in religious journalism in London reaches us. The Church Family Newspaper is intended to occupy a distinct position, and, like every new venture, to meet a felt want. It is, first and foremost, a Church of England newspaper, devoted not to any particular section of that church, but to the church as a whole. It will open its columns impartially to reports of all true church work, from whatever section of the church it may proceed.

King Oscar has composed a fine ode to the memory of the late M. Gounod, whose works he greatly admired, his majesty being himself a composer and distinguished musician. King Oscar, by the way, possesses one of the finest musical libraries in the world, mostly of his own collecting, with a musical librarian to superintend it. It is one of the sights in the Royal Palace at Stockholm. His Majesty, as Prince Oscar, was the first to introduce church music into Sweden, some twenty years ago, till then unknown.

Maid Marian—"I suppose actresses are all fond of encores. Van Stage—Ye es; especially in marriage.

## HITHER AND YONDER.

## CHAT ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

Italian Murders of Former Centuries—  
Society Equestriennes—Tolstol's Con-  
ception of Realism.

In the fifteenth, sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century Italian removers of enemies were welcome at many a foreign court, for they were subtle, sure, and, at the same time, well bred. Let us look for a moment at some famous instances, without particular reference to exactitude of date. There was an attempt to kill Louis XI. by rubbing an ointment on the corner of the altar step on which he was wont to kneel. Gloves and bouquets removed mighty men and delicate women. Valets pricked their masters as they served them in their toilet. Nails steeped in arsenic put an end to petty quarrels. Henry of Castile wore boots one day, and never took them off again. A king of Grenada should have refused the adornment of a variegated royal jacket. There was a jealous woman who smiled as she saw her rival eat the half of a delicious bird that had touched the poisoned side of the knife used by a kissable hand. A torch borne before a cardinal lighted him to a dusty death. Perfumed ducats slew a creditor before he could sign the receipt. There was poison in the pommel of the saddle that bore a powerful queen. It is said that Henry the Emperor and Pope Clement XIV. were poisoned in a draught of the Holy Eucharist. There were still more subtle devices too horrible to tell; big searchers into the dark, yet splendid, history of the Renaissance, and students of the Elizabethan drama may find there in many a shudder.

The Kolnische Zeitung throws light on Count Tolstol's conception of true realism in the drama by the following account of an interesting incident in which Tolstol figured: "Tolstol's last play, 'The Fruit of Enlightenment,' was to be performed in the Aristocratic club at Tulsa; and Tolstol, being in the town, had promised to go to the dress rehearsal to superintend the players. A young noble, who took the part of a servant, had in one scene to drive out some peasants from his master's ante-room. He did it with such delicacy and gentleness that Count Tolstol called out: 'That is not the way; that is not natural. You must do as they did with me here, on the steps, outside.' And then, the count related to his astonished listeners what had happened to him on coming to the Aristocratic club. The doorkeeper had received orders to let no one pass but the Count Tolstol. Suddenly a sturdy, rough haired 'mushnik,' dressed in a sheepskin coat and cap, arrived, and tried to pass him. The doorkeeper called to the peasant to stop; but the latter took no notice, and quietly went up the steps. Then the porter lost patience, and, in the best style, kicked the peasant downstairs, where he landed in the snow. It was only when the supposed peasant convinced the astonished porter that he was Count Tolstol that he was allowed to enter. 'And there was nature,' ended the Count, turning to the amateur actor. 'That is the way you must kick a fellow out, my friend.'"

A great many society girls, says the "Mail and Express," New York, are riding this spring, and although most of them are looking forward to the time when they can leave the tan-bark rings of the riding schools, some of them get out on the bridle paths of the Park nearly every day. The ground is in such an unsettled condition, however, that often-times riding is attended with some discomfort. Enthusiastic horsemen and horse-women, however, are willing to put up with a good deal to get out in the Park a bright winter's afternoon. It will not be long before the bridle paths will be in better condition, and there will be less indoor riding.

Aubrey de Vere, the poet, and his family were for long years intimate with Tennyson, who borrowed the whole of his famous "Lady Clara's" name from them—for one of them was actually a Vere de Vere. Lady de Vere, it is said, did not quite like the association of her name and a title something like hers with the character of the hardhearted and haughty Clara. "Why should Lady de Vere be aggrieved?" was Tennyson's reply. "I have not given her name to an ugly woman, nor to an old woman—only to a wicked one."

Mrs. Margot Tennent, the popular idol of London society, who is generally accepted as the foundation of the character of Mr. Benson's heroine "Dodo," has recently had a volume of essays dedicated to her by John Addington Symonds, who says they are so dedicated "in memory of long, dark winter nights at Daros, made luminous by witty conversation." "Dodo," by the way, has reached its thirteenth edition in England.

The ex-Empress Eugenia, who was not long ago a guest at dinner with Queen Victoria, has now only careworn lines, and a sad, dullish expression on the face, whose beauty was once the admiration of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont, who went abroad a few weeks ago, and who were in London for a short time, are now in Paris. They do not expect to return to this country until midsummer.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is now eighty-four, still goes into society occasionally, and is this winter enjoying excellent health. He writes but little, save in the way of correspondence, but will prepare at his leisure his book,

which is to be the autobiography which he has long promised to write.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is a great pedestrian, and believes in a walk before breakfast. In summer she starts as early as 6 o'clock, and is generally at work at her desk by 9.

## TWO SOCIAL FADS.

That of the Club Man—That of the Host.

Two social fads new to me, and which, I think, are quite recent, crossed my orbit just the other day. The first is a masculine one, and is as follows: Club men, especially those unmarried, now put on their cards, not the name of their club, but simply the club address. For instance, a member of the City Club, whose card I saw, had his name and the address No. 677 Fifth Avenue. Personally it seems to me to be in excellent taste. A man who puts the name of his club on his card is apt to do so because he thinks that it gives him social prestige, and the man who feels the need of social prestige is very likely to be a snob.

The other fad, I think, will commend itself to few. At a dinner given to an ex-diplomat in this city the hostess resigned her own seat to the honored guest, so far reversing the ordinary usages of society as to seat herself at his right hand, instead of placing him at hers, as is generally the custom. This deviation from the ordinary accepted usage, is, of course, simply an affectation, and is about as sincere in its way as the politeness of the Mexican, who presents you in honeyed words with everything in his house on your entrance. It is, of course, pretty and graceful and flattering to the recipient, but I doubt very much if it will become an established thing, even among that ultra-fashionable set with whom variety is the spice of life and eccentricity passes for the quintessence of genius. As yet we as a people are too simple-minded to care for things that are very outre.—Exchange.

## ABOUT WOMEN'S ARMS.

## A Perfect Model Difficult to Secure.

An English sculptor has been interviewed about women's arms and admits much difficulty in securing a perfect model. He sums up the points of such an arm as follows: "The arm should be fully two heads long from its insertion at the shoulder to the wrist, the upper arm large and round, a dimpled elbow, the forearm not too flat, the whole diminishing in long, graceful curves to a well rounded wrist. A woman's arm is rounder and tapers more gracefully than a man's owing to the deltoid muscle coming lower down on the arm, and all the muscles having a larger and more gradual curve."

And he says further that women should know how to move their arms. "There is as much power of expression in the arm as in the face. Sarah Bernhardt is only one of many instances, especially among the French, Italian, and Spanish women. Her arms are certainly not things of beauty on account of their shape, but they are decidedly so in their movements. She knows how to manage them, and the result is charming."—Exchange.

## A Clipping.

The St. James's Gazette jingles on some contemporary novelists as follows:

"Author of 'Dodo,' quite the mode, O  
How does your novel grow?  
With profanity shocking, and great show  
Of stocking,  
And 'smart' folks all in a row.

"Miss Sarah Grand, of doubtful brand,  
How does your novel grow?  
With females neurotic, and morals ex-  
otic,  
And wicked, bad men in a row.

"Now Rudyard Kipling, omniscient strip-  
ling,  
How does your novel grow?  
With Simia flirtations, and Tommy's li-  
bations,  
And blank words all in a row.

"John Oliver Hobbes, with your spasms  
and throbs,  
How does your novel grow?  
With cynical sneers at young Love and  
his tears,  
And epigrams all in a row.

"O all ye tollers at three vol pot-bollers,  
How do your novels grow?  
With gossip and gadding, and plenty of  
padding,  
And coronets all in a row."

## Dorothy: A Disappointment.

(By Charles B. Going.)

Her hair is soft—the brown that glows  
With sudden little gleams of gold;  
Her rounded cheek, faint flushing shows,  
Like apple buds that half unfold.

Her throat is full and round and white—  
The sweet head poised so daintily;  
She reads a note; I wish I might  
Address her, too, "Dear Dorothy."

Ah, Dorothy, so very dear!  
With clear, sweet eyes of tender brown  
And, close above the small pink ear,  
The dark hair rippling gently down.

Dear Dorothy, so very fair!  
My thoughts outrace the rushing train  
To build strange castles in the air,  
With Dorothy for chatelaine.

How sad when pleasure born of hope  
Are born so late so soon to die!  
She drops her letter's envelope  
Addressed to—Mrs. Arthur Why!

## I Wish.

I wish I could do, but I can't;  
I wish I could think, but I can't;  
I wish I could talk, but I rant;  
I wish I could work, but I won't.